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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF

FEBRUARY 6TH 1883.

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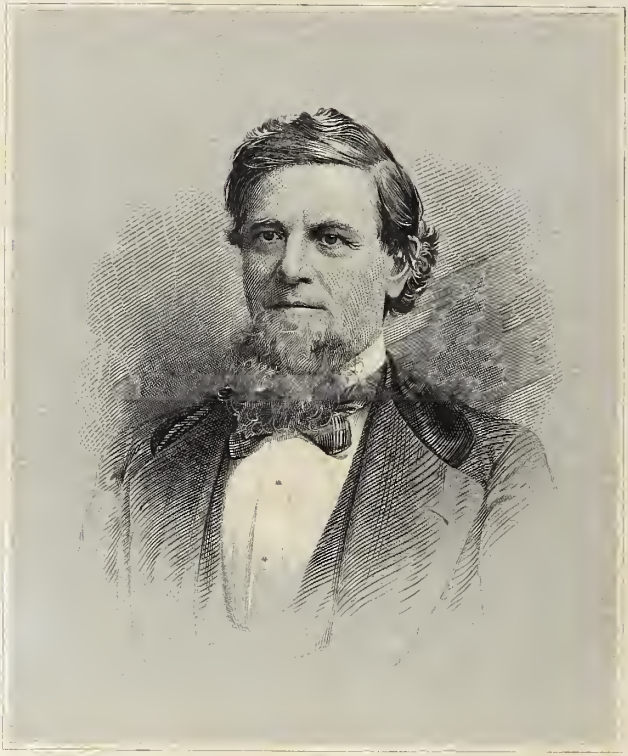

Jonathan T. Updegraff

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF,

(A REPRESENTATIVE FROM OHIO)

DELIVERED IN THE

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND IN THE SENATE,

FORTY-SEVENTH CONGRESS, SECOND SESSION.

PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.

WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1883.

0171

JOINT RESOLUTION to provide for the publication of the memorial addresses delivered in Congress upon the late Jonathan T. Updegraff.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be printed twelve thousand copies of the memorial addresses delivered in the Senate and House of Representatives upon the life and character of Hon. Jonathan T. Updegraff, late a Representative from the State of Ohio, together with a portrait of the deceased; nine thousand copies thereof for the use of the House of Representatives and three thousand copies for the use of the Senate. And a sum sufficient to defray the expense of preparing and printing the portrait of the deceased for the publication herein provided for is hereby appropriated out of any moneys in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Approved February 23, 1883.

ADDRESSES

ON THE

DEATH OF JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
December 4, 1882.

Mr. HERBERT. Mr. Speaker, I rise to announce that since the adjournment of this House in August my colleague, Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, died at his residence in Huntsville, Alabama; and making to-day simply this sad announcement that he has gone from among us forever, I give notice that on some future occasion a motion will be made to fix a day upon which this House shall pay appropriate honors to his memory.

I now yield to the gentleman from Ohio, who has a similar announcement to make.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
December 4, 1882.

Mr. EZRA B. TAYLOR. Mr. Speaker, with feelings of the deepest personal sorrow I have to announce the death of my honorable colleague, JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a member of this House from the State of Ohio. The experience of Mr. UPDEGRAFF in this Hall, his fidelity to the public service, his integrity, and his ability cause his loss to be deplored by this body and by the country. His private character and social qualities give to his death ground for peculiar grief to those who knew him best.

I ask the action of the House on the following resolution.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death during the late recess of Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, late a Representative from the State of Alabama, and of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the deceased the House do now adjourn.

The resolution was unanimously adopted; and accordingly the House adjourned.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
January 20, 1883.

Mr. JOSEPH D. TAYLOR I ask unanimous consent that Tuesday, February 6, at 2 o'clock p. m., be fixed as the time for the consideration of suitable resolutions of respect, and for paying appropriate tributes to the memory of my deceased predecessor, the Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
February 6, 1883.

Mr. JOSEPH D. TAYLOR. The hour assigned for exercises dedicated to the memory of the late Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF has now arrived, and I am directed by my colleagues to present for the consideration of the House, the resolutions which I send to the desk to be read.

The Clerk read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. J. T. UPDEGRAFF, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that suitable honors may be paid to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk of the House do communicate these resolutions to the Senate of the United States.

Resolved, That as a further mark of respect the House, at the conclusion of these memorial exercises, shall adjourn.

Address of Mr. JOSEPH D. TAYLOR, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: The dark shadow of death has fallen heavily upon the Forty-seventh Congress. Nine times has the sable messenger glided across the floor of this House, bearing from the busy scenes of its activity Fernando Wood, of New York; Michael P. O'Connor, of South Carolina; James Q. Smith and William M. Lowe, of Alabama; Robert M. A. Hawk, of Illinois; Thomas Allen, of Missouri; JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, of Ohio, Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana; and John W. Shackelford, of North Carolina. And they passed away in the order in which I have named them.

Mr. Smith, of Alabama, whom the House, July 20, 1882, adjudged elected to represent the fourth district of Alabama, died in this city pending the contest of his election, and before the decision of the House in his favor.

To this list of mortality must be added Senator Burnside, of Rhode Island; Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin; and Senator Hill, of Georgia.

Ohio has been singularly fortunate during the eighty years of her history as a State. In this long period but seven of her members of Congress, including both Houses, have fallen at their posts of duty:

In 1821, Senator Trimble; in 1844, Representatives Brinkerhoff and Moore; in 1850, Representative Wood; in 1867, Representative Hamilton; in 1870, Representative Hoag; and in 1882, Representative UPDEGRAFF.

We are here to-day to pay tributes of respect to the memory of my honored predecessor, the Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, and the delicate and responsible duty of opening the remarks of this occasion has been assigned to me by my colleagues.

On the 30th day of November last, when the flowers of summer had faded and when the leaves of autumn had fallen, there came to the home of Dr. UPDEGRAFF, in the picturesque village of Mount

Pleasant, Ohio, a messenger which no human power can turn away. On that day of national thanksgiving, when family greetings and domestic joys were filling other homes and other hearts, the darkness and desolation of death settled upon the home and hearthstone of that once happy family. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, and the husband, father, neighbor, statesman, friend, closed his eyes forever upon the scene of his earthly struggles and triumphs and was numbered with the dead. I do not rise here to indulge in any fulsome adulation of our deceased brother. No meed of eulogistic praise can add to the measure of a life rounded up, completed, the volume ended, the record closed, and sealed with the clasp of death. I may but bring my tribute of memory to cast with yours at the dead feet of one whose familiar form we shall see no more until we too shall pass—

> At God's commandment through the shadowy gates,
> To reach the sunlight of the eternal hills.

The observance of ceremonies of this kind is not a recent custom. The ancient Greeks and Romans were wont to gather about their fallen heroes and recount their virtues and the trophies they had won. Memorials in brass and marble, in undying verse and imperishable utterances, have come down through all ages to inspire the ambition of youth and stir the pulses of manhood. More than three thousand years ago a monument was erected by divine direction, on the shores of the Jordan, of stone taken from the bed of the river where the feet of the priests had stood, which should be for a memorial unto Israel forever. And, sir, it is fitting that we should pause a brief moment, amid the absorbing cares of daily life, and mark the foot-prints of those who have attained a worthy prominence among men; and while we weave a garland of flowers to deck the grave of our friend who has gone from among us, we should take note of those circumstances which press upon us the lesson of our own mortality and the claims of our spiritual nature.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF was born in York, now called Updegraff, in Jefferson County, Ohio; was the son of David Updegraff, a minister of the Society of Friends, and a grandson of Nathan Upde-

graff, one of the framers of the first constitution of Ohio. His father moved to Ohio about the beginning of the present century, and of his eight children two only survive—David B. Updegraff, an eminent minister of the Society of Friends, who resides in Mount Pleasant and is the owner of a farm about a mile distant, where the Updegraff family have their burying-ground, and Mrs. Sarah Jenkins, who is a lady of culture and a prominent member of the same society. The devoted wife, whose kindly presence is well known in Washington circles, still resides with her two little boys at the family homestead in Mount Pleasant. Of his other children three survive him—two sons and a daughter, the eldest being Judge R. D. Updegraff, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF'S boyhood was spent on his father's farm until his nineteenth year. He was educated in the common schools and in Franklin College, one of the oldest and most respectable institutions of learning in Ohio. Having chosen medicine as his profession, he entered the office of Dr. Flanner, of Mount Pleasant, completed his course of studies, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania.

He began the practice of medicine and surgery at the early age of twenty-one, and soon became an eminent and successful physician, adding much to his reputation and usefulness by completing his studies, in 1851 and 1852, in the medical schools of Edinburgh and Paris. Toward the close of the war, following still in the line of his profession, he served as a surgeon in the Union Army.

In 1872 he was Presidential elector in the electoral college which gave the vote of Ohio to General Grant. In 1872 and 1873 he was a member of the Ohio State senate. In 1873 he was temporary president of the Republican State convention of Ohio. In 1875 he was chairman of the State Republican central committee. In 1876 he was a delegate to the national Republican convention at Cincinnati which nominated President Hayes. And in 1878 he received the Republican nomination for Representative to the Forty-sixth Congress and was triumphantly elected. He was renominated and re-elected two years later to the present Congress, and in October last, only a few weeks prior to his decease, he was

re-elected to the Forty-eighth Congress. But Death, the inexorable destroyer, cut him down in the midst of his public career and in the zenith of his usefulness.

His record in this House I shall leave for those who were associated with him here, and who can speak from a more intimate knowledge of his career since he became a member of Congress. His speeches upon education, temperance, agriculture, and the tariff, attracted the attention of the country, and greatly added to his popularity. His decision of character and unconquerable will made him a tower of strength in anything he undertook. When he once resolved to do a thing no power on earth could deter him. Opposition and obstacles which would induce most men to abandon an undertaking seemed only to inspire him with increased vigor. And hence it is no wonder that his ambitions were always gratified and his successes always assured. He was a man of great industry and wonderful tenacity of purpose.

His scholarly attainments, his extensive reading and travel, had given him breadth of thought; and his contact with men had added a knowledge of human nature that aided his judgment and made him quick to grasp an idea and carry it out to its logical sequence.

From an honored and liberty-loving ancestry he inherited an uncompromising hatred of oppression in every form, and through all his life, public and private, he cherished a regard for the poor and the down-trodden, and whenever and wherever they needed a champion he was ready in their defense.

He was active in the organization of the Republican party, and was its firm and faithful adherent through all his public life. In his own and in other States he gave much time to the discussion of its principles. Among his most prominent characteristics was his faithful allegiance to his friends, and especially to those whom he had known in his earlier years. And it may be mentioned here, as one of the commendable features of human nature, that the friends of his youth, and those for whom he had been permitted, in the exercise of his large opportunity, to do acts of public and private favor, remained his firm and steadfast friends through

all the vicissitudes of political life, and stand to-day a sorrowing multitude around his fresh-made grave. And if there are those among his constituency who feel that their personal desires were overlooked, they should remember that it was because it was impossible for him to meet all the demands that were made upon him, and not because of any indifference or neglect upon his part.

With his strong and aggressive nature it was inevitable that the friction of political life should provoke some resentments, but in the hottest contest he was frank and open in his opposition, and never descended to that vindictive calumny so often resorted to by those who manage the political campaigns incident to a Republic like ours.

If he had faults—and who has not?—let him who is without any cast the first stone. There has never been but one perfect life lived on earth, and faults and frailties are the common heritage of humanity. "But the grave covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment; from its peaceful bosom come only fond regrets and tender recollections."

If we err, in human blindness,
  And forget that we are dust;
If we miss the law of kindness
  When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
  All the pain that hides away,
We shall know each other better
  When the mists have cleared away.

To the farmers of Eastern Ohio his death comes with a sense of personal loss. He was long identified with that class of nature's noblemen, the honest labor of whose hands is hallowed by the sacred promise of the God of Harvests, whose long line of descent runs back through the circling ages to the days of the patriarchs, and who stand to-day throughout the length and breadth of our land, on hillside and prairie, in sloping valley and blooming meadow, the coadjutors of a benign Providence, making the solitary places glad and "the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Dr. UPDEGRAFF was not a man to be lightly forgotten. His was not a negative nature, to sink into oblivion when the grave

closes over it. His positive qualities stamped themselves too legibly upon the events of his time to be lost sight of or ignored; but in the sacred precincts of his home, among the loving circle of kindred and friends, will the finer qualities of his character find their most fragrant immortality. For nearly two years he suffered from the malady which resulted in his death, but he was uniformly cheerful and bright, and bore his sufferings, which were at times intense, with remarkable patience. No gloomy shadows hovered about his sick chamber. During the six weeks of his confinement to his room he arranged his business, received his friends, and as the scenes of earth receded, he grasped with a firmer hold and a more triumphant faith the enduring realities of the life to come.

He was reared in the peace-loving principles of the Society of Friends, that noble denomination of Christians, who for more than two hundred years have kept the simple tenor of their quiet way in the midst of the rushing din of the world's clashing conflicts, undaunted by persecution, unspoiled by flattery, bearing with meekness alike the fury of fanatical hate and the seductiveness of worldly favor.

In his last illness he gave much time and thought to the life that is beyond. He talked frequently of death and invited his Christian friends to read the Scriptures and pray with him. He realized better than his friends that his work was done and that the end was drawing nigh. A few days before his death the people of his district were cheered by hopeful words from his family and physicians, and many thought that he would certainly recover, but his strength was too nearly exhausted, and the vital currents of life ran too low to be permanently rallied. While he had himself the gravest apprehensions of the result, he was anxious that nothing should be left undone that might afford a hope of benefiting him, yielding only when the inevitable was upon him.

> For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
> This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned—
> Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
> Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

Though clinging to life with all the vigor of a strong and successful man's interest in its activities, he yet faced death with a spirit of calm submission, and breathed his last in the assured faith of immortality.

His funeral was one of the largest and most impressive gatherings that has been known in that part of the State. A solemnity brooded over the village of Mount Pleasant, a hush as of the stillness of death. Emblems of mourning floated from every dwelling, places of business were closed, flags draped in black swayed in the chill air, and every face was tearful and sorrowing. Slowly the long procession, headed by the Congressional escort, moved out from the home he had loved, bearing the inanimate form of him who should return to it no more. Upward of two thousand people gathered in the spacious Friends' meeting-house to take a last look at the features, lately so familiar, now stamped with the mysterious nobility of death. The beautiful burial casket bore upon its silver plate the words: "Dr. J. T. UPDEGRAFF, died November 30, 1882, aged 60 years."

Appropriate addresses were made, and he was laid away to rest in the burial-place of his fathers and close beside the play-ground of his boyhood.

There the flowers of spring will bloom in beauty above his sleeping dust. There the snows of winter will weave about his lowly bed a covering of spotless purity. The years will come and go; other feet will press the sod of his familiar home; time and change will write their inevitable legend upon all nature; the earth itself will shrivel and decay and the heavens be rolled together as a scroll, but his immortal spirit will live when the universe shall be no more and when time itself is a forgotten thing.

The sun is but a spark of fire,
  A transient meteor in the sky—
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,
  Shall never die!

Address of Mr. ATHERTON, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: On the 30th day of November, 1882, the people of the United States, responding to Executive proclamation, were rendering thanksgiving and praise to the Giver of all good for the bounties and blessings of a most fruitful and prosperous year.

In terrible contrast to the general rejoicing on that very day our brother whose life and virtues we pause to commemorate on lay a bed of suffering and death.

His well-beloved family surrounded him with loving but suffering hearts and fain would have snatched him from the grim monster, but all human aid and sympathy were powerless and unavailing, and in the early evening of that day he was released from his suffering and slept the quiet sleep of death.

The sad news flashed over the wires while many of us were on our way to the national capital.

Pursuant to the request of the Speaker of this House, and prompted by an earnest desire to pay a last tribute of respect to all that remained of our distinguished brother, I formed one of the number composing the Congressional delegation who attended his obsequies.

Leaving Washington and passing the grand scenery of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad we in due time arrived at Wheeling.

We there took carriages and crossing the Ohio River we ascended the glorious hills of my own native State. Arriving at the summit a scene of beauty was spread out before us in magnificent panorama.

On one side the Ohio River wound through the valley like "a ribbon of silver," and away beyond us were high hills and deep valleys decked with large and beautiful farm-houses and covered with the richest products of agricultural wealth.

The whole scene illustrated the character of the inhabitants. Industry, virtue, and intelligence had joined together and laid their

talismanic hands on the rugged hills and covered them with prosperity and rural wealth.

We moved on a few miles, and looking other miles ahead beheld a beautiful little village crowning the summit of a distant eminence, overlooking the country for a long distance on all sides.

Crossing a deep valley and making a slow and laborious ascent we at last reached the town. It was Mount Pleasant, the life-long home of Dr. UPDEGRAFF, the home of his boyhood, of his professional career, and his riper manhood.

Its location, its surroundings, the intelligence and virtue of its people, its proud elevation and pure atmosphere, its clean streets and grand perspective made it seem what its name imports, Mount Pleasant. Almost on the summit of the town stood the home of Dr. UPDEGRAFF. Large and commodious and yet attractive, erected for utility and comfort rather than display, it contained every mark of culture and refinement.

In this little hamlet of perhaps three hundred inhabitants stands an immense church, of unique design, capable of seating two thousand inhabitants or many times the whole number of the residents of the village. It belongs to a denomination of Christians that discard the fashions and "haberdashery" of the world and yet contain more of the essence of real benevolence, goodness, and pure religion than any other—the Society of Friends.

Of this church Dr. UPDEGRAFF was a member, and in that church his funeral was preached and the last honors paid to the lamented and illustrious dead.

To that church the teeming inhabitants of all that region wended their way to pay a parting tribute of respect to a citizen who, when living, was most illustrious, most loved, and when dead the most lamented.

I have given this hasty and imperfect sketch of the home and surroundings of our brother not without a purpose. It reflects the character of the man. Who could arrive at social, professional, and political distinction with such surroundings and breathing such an atmosphere without honesty, truth, true manhood, and a high order of intelligence? There was no place there for the sluggard,

the vicious, or even the man of mere selfish ambition. He would necessarily breathe purity from the clear air and acquire industry from the busy scenes. He would imbibe true religion from both the precept and daily example of those surrounding him who believe in and practice honesty and religion seven days in the week instead of one.

The life and character of Dr. UPDEGRAFF illustrated the beneficence and value of his fortunate surroundings. He was born without great wealth and at the same time free from the privations and rigors of poverty. His birthright of fortune was the golden mean. It furnished him with a full opportunity and means to successfully pursue the study of his chosen profession without alluring him into the tortuous paths of vice or dissipation. He selected the practice of medicine and surgery as his life-work. He studied it faithfully and with great success in America and in the schools of Edinburgh and Paris. He practiced it with great honor to himself and profit to his people.

But eminence in his profession did not fill the measure of his honorable ambition.

He entered the political arena. He worthily represented a constituency in the senate of Ohio, when his talents made him a conspicuous member. He was elected to the Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses, and, after the most memorable and exciting contest for renomination ever known in the political history of Ohio, was at the end triumphantly reindorsed and re-elected to the Forty-eighth Congress.

At the date of his death he was in the very zenith of his prosperity and usefulness. He had served long enough in Congress to have gained reputation and a position of influence. He had passed the period of Congressional probation and had just arrived at the point where he could demand a hearing and be valuable to his constituency.

He had one session of the present Congress before him assured and a whole Congress besides.

He had already left his mark on the legislation of the country. On matters relating to agriculture he was authority. While his

past Congressional life had been largely probationary, the coming time was the promised years of fruition.

Touching his life-work I do not intend, if I could, to deal in glittering eulogism, but simply to state the facts as they appear to me.

He was industrious and faithful to his noble profession, with a conscious regard to his duties and responsibilities, as one who assumes to assist nature in restoring from sickness to health the wonderful organism of man. He sought faithfully and diligently all that modern learning and science unfolds, both as to the cause of human ailments and the remedy for human ills. How well he succeeded the mourning thousands who flocked to his funeral and lamented his death will bear witness.

When he entered politics he pursued a like course. He faithfully conned anew both the fundamental and statute law of his country. He earnestly studied the philosophy of proposed legislation. In the discussions of the last session on the tariff question, physician as he was, a comparatively new member as he also was, he so treated, and discussed this important but threadbare subject that he arrested the attention of the country; and (as I know from a modest statement from his own lips) the first copies of any document ordered for distribution by the Congressional committee of his party for that year, were 10,000 copies of that speech. It was a manly, noble, earnest, and eloquent effort. It displayed deep thought and great power of penetration. As old as the subject was, as much as it had undergone discussion by the master minds of the ripest statesmen of the world in some points of view and in some of its phases at least, it seemed clearer by his discussion of it. Certainly no better exposition of the question from his stand-point was ever addressed to or more fully brought within the comprehension of the common, untrained mind. Its clearness of statement and its lucid logic contributed largely to that end.

I believe our deceased brother to have been thoroughly honest and incorruptible. Although his very antipode on most political questions, I always believed his real power as a speaker arose largely from the thoroughly honest conviction he brought to the discussion

of all questions. He always spoke and acted from what to him were the very promptings of truth.

But at the very noonday of his success and usefulness disease laid its heavy hand upon him. With the monster he battled manfully. Delusive hope held out to his imagination the benison of returning health. In the midst of the most painful disease came the period of renomination. Others coveted his place. Hoping for health and battling with pain and agony, he made his memorable campaign. His resolution was undaunted.

One convention was called, and after a contest lasting for days dissolved. It was the doctor against the field. He could not be nominated nor could he be defeated. The delegates surrendered their powers to the people and relegated the question to them. New primaries were held, new delegates selected, a new convention assembled, and with unconquerable resolution he and his devoted friends continued the battle and at last victory perched on their banners. He was elected to the next Congress against all opposition.

But there was an enemy that no human resolution could conquer and no human power withstand. Cruel and insatiate he visits the palace and the hovel, he knocks impartially at the gates of the rich and the poor, and strikes down the high and the low. The dread reaper reaps the stocks of the ripened golden grain, "and spares not the flowers that grow between."

My memory reverts to the memorable word I heard so oft repeated in the quaint old Quaker church at Mount Pleasant:

> "God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform."

How they now echo in the chambers of memory!

In the mysterious dispensation of His providence, for reasons hidden from the wisdom of man but of the highest wisdom when viewed in the light of that intelligence that spans all time and all space, the Master permitted the reaper to come. Our brother was not unprepared. The visions of earthly ambition vanished, the bright hope of future achievement melted into air, but in their stead he saw the dawning light of blissful eternity. The sun of that

Thanksgiving Day went down in darkness. All the morning seemed to bring to earthly eyes was death, a coffin, and a shroud; but let us hope as well we may—

"That when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies
He passed through glory's morning-gate
And walked in Paradise."

Address of Mr. McKINLEY, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: I cannot permit this occasion to pass without arresting the attention of the House to bear testimony to the worth of my departed friend. "There is nothing certain in man's life but this, that he must lose it." JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, who participated in the deliberations of this House at its first session, and who last August parted company with his associates in robust health and full intellectual strength, is dead. I will not detain the House with a history of his early life and public achievements; these have been fully recited by his successor [Mr. Taylor] and others who have preceded me, more in detail and better than I could possibly do. I shall content myself with a brief statement of some of the features of his personal character which impressed me during an acquaintance of many years.

In public station, whether in State or national affairs, he was respected and honored; in private life, beloved by a large and influential circle of friends. He was simple in his habits and tastes, strong in his friendships, tender and devoted in his family relations, generous and confiding in his nature, firm and unyielding in his convictions of duty. He hated shams and despised pretensions, and his simple nature esteemed candor and sincerity above everything else. He regarded any labor or sacrifice for principle a religious duty, and he would go out of his way to help a friend.

He had the advantage of early and thorough instruction, and through his whole life was an apt student of men and affairs. He was literary in his tastes, fond of the best books and best thoughts, old and new, and his library at home evidenced the dis-

cerning hand of a man of culture. He was interested in general education; not the technical merely, but that broad and enlightened instruction which makes good men and intelligent and self-respecting citizens.

He was well equipped for the trust to which an admiring people elevated him in 1878. Possessed of great intellectual force, ripe attainments, experience in public matters, and integrity of character, he was splendidly prepared for public life and official trust. He was a positive man—a nature full of convictions and with a courage to utter them. He therefore had his antagonisms, and was not without opposition in his own party ranks, but these were fully compensated by the devotion and steadfastness of friends by whom he was always surrounded, and whose loyalty to him never lagged and whose devotion never abated. In this House he was a careful, studious, painstaking, intelligent Representative, seldom, if ever, absent from his post of duty, watching with interest and intelligence the course and effect of legislation; and while he did not often participate in debate, he never spoke without adding something to the subject under discussion.

He was a staunch friend and an earnest advocate of the agricultural interests of the country, and to him we are indebted, in a large degree, for some of the best legislation of the past four years touching that interest. A farmer himself, he knew their needs, and never hesitated to advocate and enforce them. He was closely identified with the agricultural interests of his State, and his frequent addresses upon that subject made him well and favorably known, and gave him a high place among that large and intelligent class of citizens. His most notable speech on the floor of this House during his four years of service, and the one which will be most remembered, was made at the first session of the present Congress on the general subject of the tariff. That speech was comprehensive and statesmanlike, and elicited deserved applause from his associates and the country at large. It was circulated in large editions in many of the States, and proved a valuable contribution to the volumes of tariff debates.

Large-minded, unselfish, and generous, he commanded the respect and esteem of both sides of this chamber; men of all parties

believed in his honesty of purpose and fidelity to convictions, and we all miss him from these halls.

He was a member of the Friends' Society, and conspicuous in that strong and influential body of Christians. They, too, will miss him. His own friends and fellow-townsmen cannot supply his place. The love of his neighbors was demonstrated on the occasion of his funeral; every business house in his village was closed; tokens of love and sorrow were seen on every hand; every house bore its badges of mourning. The little village of Mount Pleasant was strewn with the emblems of sorrow, and the neighborhood assembled without distinction of sect or party to pay a final tribute to their deceased friend, brother, neighbor, representative.

During his illness the nobleness of his character appeared at its best. Uncomplainingly he suffered, and so sensitive for the feelings of his friends that he denied most of them presence in his sick chamber lest his suffering might give them pain. He was patient and brave in his great affliction, submitting with Christian faith to the call of death. He closed his life with messages of love to present and absent friends, confident of friendly greetings beyond from those who had passed on before. From one who was nearest to him I learn that he daily and hourly repeated the words of the Psalmist:

"The Lord has chastened me sore, but He hath not given me over unto death. Open to me the gates of righteousness; I will go into them and praise the Lord."

The nursing of a devoted wife could not save him. The prayers of friends could not restore him.

"God's finger touched him and he slept."

The gates were opened and he entered in.

Address of Mr. WILLIS, of Kentucky.

Mr. SPEAKER: We pause to-day in the midst of busy duties to lay the laurel wreath of memory and affection upon the grave of a departed colleague.

Half a year ago, at our midsummer adjournment, I parted with Dr. UPDEGRAFF in this hall. Erect in form, of strong physical

constitution, and the most temperate habits, glowing with health and vigor, length of days seemed to be as surely his as if held by a bond to fate. We exchanged friendly words of good-will and of farewell, and separated with the mutual hope that we would soon "meet again."

But a few short months had passed; the green meadows upon the high and fertile plateaus which encircle his far-off Western home were yet fresh and beautiful when we did "meet again." But how sadly changed, how different the circumstances from what we had hoped. The heart whose generous ministrations had won my regard and the regard of all who knew him had ceased to beat; the hand, open as day to "sweet charity," whose warm grasp I had so recently relaxed, was cold and pulseless; the voice whose persuasive eloquence had so often charmed was mute forever; after a brief but painful illness Dr. UPDEGRAFF had answered the solemn and mysterious summons, and joined the "pale nations of the dead."

Dead in the vigor of his manhood and in the hour of his greatest political triumph; dead in the bosom of his family; dead in the midst of faithful friends and admiring fellow-citizens.

Dead, did I say? And yet has not the poet well and truly declared—

> To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die.

And to quote the chaste and eloquent words of Dr. UPDEGRAFF himself:

> Is not influence immortal? Shall not a worthy example, a true thought, a noble act, no matter how humbly born, wear its life and do its work through all the years to come. It was a beautiful thought of a great scientist that every sound which ever stirred the air went on vibrating to eternity. It is true, at least, of all moral and spiritual forces.

Never did I realize more fully the truth and beauty of these words than when, as a member of the funeral *cortege*, I gathered with his friends and loved ones at the bier of him who spoke them. When I witnessed the deep sense of personal bereavement which pervaded that circle and the entire community—how the humble cottage and the little workshop, as well as the more stately mansion, were robed in the habiliments of sorrow; when I heard there and

everywhere the tender and appreciative words which came from full hearts, I felt that though dead he yet liveth. The golden bowl of a true and noble life may be broken, but the gentle virtues, the kindly deeds, and great purposes which have filled it with beauty and value will remain, and, like incense from an altar, will sweeten and consecrate the air, and that, too, for unnumbered years.

What those virtues were—what the noble ends which marked the career of Dr. UPDEGRAFF, and what the means by which he secured those ends, I might here give in detailed particularity. I might speak of him as a man, courteous, amiable, brave, and generous; as a citizen, full of energy, enterprise, and patriotism; as a public servant, repeatedly honored with the responsibilities of high station and always upright, conscientious, and faithful to the trust. I might refer to various measures with which he was identified here and elsewhere as illustrative of his broad, liberal, generous statesmanship. As a Representative of that part of our country most vitally affected, I might especially mention his active and intelligent support, as a member of the Committee on Epidemic Diseases, in behalf of the bill to prevent the introduction and spread of yellow fever—that fearful pestilence which "walketh in darkness and destroyeth at noonday," whose consuming breath has destroyed so many of the bravest and best of our land.

Nor would I forget his equally earnest and unselfish efforts, as chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor, to secure the passage by Congress of the bill to prevent the growth and spread among our people of ignorance—that curse more enduring in its effects and more blighting to the happiness and prosperity of a country than either war or pestilence. For his support of these two measures alone Dr. UPDEGRAFF will always be held in the grateful remembrance of our people as a benefactor and wise lawmaker. Such legislation redounds to the best interests of the whole Union; it bears "healing upon its wings" for political as well as physical ills, and will ever be welcomed by our people as the messenger of fraternal affection—the witness of enlightened, generous statesmanship.

But it is not my purpose to recount at length the virtues and characteristics of our lamented associate—they are known to his friends and to fame—they have been embalmed in our memory by the

affectionate hands of his immediate colleagues. I could not, if I would, add a single line to the tender and beautiful, but most accurate, portraiture they have placed before us to-day. But their voice nor mine can "provoke the silent dust," or "soothe the dull, cold ear of death." Fortunate, however, will each of us be if we shall so imitate the virtues which adorned his life that when death comes we may be, like him—"at rest"—until our freed spirits awaken to the pure light and blissful scenes of immortality beyond the grave.

And how soon, Mr. Speaker, to all of us will that unseen world be revealed? How often during the past year, unbidden and unheralded, has the weird spirit of the glass and scythe entered this hall. Hardly a month has passed that the half-masted flag and the vacant chair, clad in its "vestments of woe," have not reminded us that another colleague had heard his dread summons and gone hence forever. Since the Forty-seventh Congress convened eight of these United States have stood as mourners around the open graves of their chosen representatives. How suggestive this of the uncertainty, the instability, the utter helplessness of life and of life's highest hopes and dearest ambitions. And how solemn the admonition so to discharge our duties here as to secure the rewards of the great hereafter.

Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year,
Old places, changing, fret us,
The living more forget us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year,
Earth's hold on us grows slighter
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter
Every year.

Address of Mr. SKINNER, of New York.

Mr. SPEAKER: The summons which must sooner or later come to us all has again been heard, and this occasion reminds us anew how frail is our hold upon that strange thing called life. Once more this great department of the Government stops its accustomed work, the ponderous wheels of legislation cease their revolutions, and we gather here to pay fitting tribute to the memory and to speak kind words of a brother who has finished his work and gone home.

But yesterday these halls resounded with the inharmonious tones of excited discussion. There was the hurried confusion of heated debate, the almost angry conflict of party strife, the busy commingling of contrary opinions, and the earnest grappling for personal or party advantage. Words were not at all times rounded with charity or good will.

To-day there is the invisible presence of a spirit all about us which hides the excitement of partisan feeling, and words of passion pass away in the hush of sympathy and in the memory of grief.

Kind words alone are spoken now, tempered by feeling only; words which seek to paint on invisible canvas the virtues of a well-spent life, words of praise for the honored dead, of consolation to living.

How often in reading the eloquent eulogies which have been pronounced in this chamber have we wished they could have been heard by the living ears of those who have gone. Alas, too often we wait until our friends have left us forever before we tell their virtues. And we ofttimes wonder if the words here spoken will have life beyond their utterance. May we not hope that like the fragrance distilled from the flowers, which floats upward on the balmy air, like incense from the burning oil, they will rise into the celestial region of eternal rest and reach the ear of him we mourn, who sits near the great white throne and sends us back greetings of gratitude and brotherly love.

Those who knew Dr. UPDEGRAFF best in life, who followed his public career with the interest which close friendship imparts, who were associated with him in fraternal intercourse, who knew him as a public servant in his own great State, have fittingly told of his busy life and how well he lived it. Those to whom his friendship was just unfolding as a new possession, who were learning to value his acquaintance as something to be treasured among pleasant memories, who could see and admire the ability, the industry, and the intelligence which he threw into his work among us—those who were the recipients of his cordial greetings and kindly advice, can only hope to lay a small tribute of regard upon this altar of good will. It is not the length of man's friendship which gives it value; it is, rather, the life-long impressions which it plants and the good that grows out of it. A few months were sufficient to impress one with the height and breadth of Dr. UPDEGRAFF'S culture and worth. They will live far beyond the life of the man, to inspire those who felt the influence of his example and who learned the true worth of the precepts which always governed his actions. It was a grand thing to know such a man and to count him a friend.

It was a privilege to visit the place where he lived and died. Over the mountains to a pretty village went one December day those who had been designated by you, Mr. Speaker, to participate in the funeral ceremonies as representatives of this body. There were seen the beautiful village wearing the garb of mourning at the loss of a respected citizen; a stricken household, where wife, children, and relatives gathered in mutual grief, and bemoaned the lost love of a husband, father, and brother; a church filled with sad faces of Friends who had lost a friend indeed; a community mingling its tears together at the death of one who had made the world better for his living.

There were heard the glowing and affectionate tributes of pastor and friends paid to the finished life and character of him whom we mourn to-day—the testimony paid to his virtues and varied accomplishments of mind and heart by those who knew him so well, and among whom he had steadily grown in strength, influence, usefulness, and honor. The tears which followed these testimonies to his worth spoke as eloquently as the words from the lips. There was

universal proof of the loss which family, and village, and State, and country had sustained. An upright man, an earnest Christian, an enterprising citizen, and an honest public servant had gone to his reward. In the record he had made for himself we know—

He wore the white flower of a blameless life.

Just as the Congress in which he had already proved his usefulness was about opening its second session the last honors were being paid our departed friend. After a hard struggle with a mighty pain he lay at rest in a peaceful sleep which has no waking this side the shores of the dark river.

Nearly fifty years ago these words were spoken in the halls of Congress of one whose work had just ended. They seem to be fitting now:

His name should be his epitaph; and however blank it may appear to the vacant eye of the passing stranger, it will always have the power to call up the recollections of his virtues in the bosom of friendship and the tear of undissembled sorrow in the eye of affection—offerings more grateful and congenial to the disembodied spirit than the proudest monument which human art can erect or the most studied eulogy which human eloquence can pronounce.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF left his impress upon this House; he left it upon the world. It was always for good; and is there not a creed which holds that nothing good is ever lost? Is not his influence still over and about us? Is not the example of upright life and earnest action eternal—always pressing forward to the accomplishment of noble purposes? We know that he held this belief. In an address delivered before the young ladies of the Steubenville Female Academy a few years ago his theme was "A Purpose in Life," and he gave expression to the following graceful thoughts:

If your life shall have a true and noble purpose it shall so enlarge your capacity for enjoyment that your deeper joys shall contrast with the mere pleasures of youth as the rapture of a seraph is higher than the prattling laughter of a child. The joy of a conscious dedication to some worthy work exalts the whole being. It makes plain the beautiful thought of an eastern fable: "I was common clay till roses were planted in me." An absolute consecration to a purpose becomes inspiration and commands victory.

In speaking of influence he said:

In the immortality of influence there are no trifles. A worthy example, a true thought, a noble act, no matter how humbly born, shall wear its life and

do its work through all the years to come. It was a beautiful thought of a great scientist that every sound which ever stirred the air went on vibrating to eternity. It is true at least of all moral and spiritual forces.

In closing his address he makes this beautiful wish and prayer, almost prophetic of the eternal joys which now must be his own :

May life in the nobleness of its purposes, in the beneficence of its results, in the richness and glory of its rewards be for each of you only fit prelude and preparation for the ineffable fruition of changless joys.

To those of us who remain, occasions like this may well seem like admonitions. To-day our brother sleeps. It is we who speak. To-morrow our lips may be silent and other voices speak as we are speaking. In the lottery of death there are no blanks.

It is a part of life to mourn. Death is a rest in peace. Those who live must grieve. Those who leave us have no sorrows. With them all is over and the eternal problem solved.

Unless we anchor our hopes in the hereafter we find the sum of earthly happiness borne down by its sorrows. This is only one sad chapter in life's history. The dread moment is sure to come when the happiness of a life-time melts away in one sad hour. Yesterday it was the child just unfolding into the beautiful mysteries of life, and whose death breaks our hearts and spoils our lives. To-day it is the middle-aged, just ready to reap the fruit ripening under his culture ; to-morrow the aged go, full of years and usefulness, whose light goes not out in darkness but burns to the socket in a well-rounded life.

Our friend is dead. And yet what is death ?

> To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die.

Whether we shall see him face to face in that undiscovered country ; whether we shall know him there as we knew him here ; whether body and soul separate here to be again united "over there ;" whether that better life is a commingling of kindred spirits, while the body returns to dust ; whether it is all of life to live or all of death to die ; whether his pure soul is hovering around us still or marching on to glories which we cannot see, and which with him are just begun, are problems which we shall all solve in God's good time.

Until then it is happiness to trust that we shall all live again.

With us, as with his loving family, it is a blessed hope, a comforting belief, yes, a happy conviction, that it is not all of death to die, that it is but an entrance into eternal life. To those who are soothed by this "unfaltering trust"—

> There is no death! What seems so is transition.
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life elysian
> Whose portal we call Death!

Address of Mr. NEAL, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER: "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes." Thus all that was mortal of our late associate, colleague, and friend, Dr. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, was by his bereaved family, sorrowing friends, and neighbors who thus did homage to his private virtues and public worth, consigned to the dark and silent tomb, the final resting place of all the races of mankind.

I shall not attempt to make any extended statement of his life and public services. Others who have known him longer and more intimately than I, have already discharged that loving, yet melancholy, duty most appropriately and eloquently. Suffice it, then, for me to say that the distinguished deceased parted from us upon the adjournment of the first session of this Congress in August last, full of life, in the expectation of a pleasant sojourn at his country home which he loved so well, during the brief vacation intervening before the commencement of the present session of the Forty-seventh Congress.

Like all of us, he confidently expected to return hither and perform his part in the great and important work of legislating for the 50,000,000 of human beings who now inhabit the territory of this free and mighty Federal Republic, happily once again united, not only by the strong bonds of law and order, but the still stronger ones of patriotic allegiance, fidelity, and love, from the pine-clad forests of the North to the everglades of the South, from the rock-bound coast of the East to the Golden Gate of the West.

There was no outward appearance of the insidious disease which

was even then preying upon his vitals. No one of his associates upon this floor, I apprehend, had any suspicion that the great enemy, or shall I say friend, of the human race, Death, had then selected him for his own, and ere the expiration of ninety days would take him hence. On the contrary, many of us would gladly have exchanged his chances of earthly existence for our own. How our expectations perish! How our hopes are disappointed! Behold him, the strong man, the man of heart and brain, the man with the mind to conceive, the will to dare, and the hand to execute; the man of force and of action, animated by every high and holy aspiration, controlled by every right impulse, cut down in the meridian of an active and useful life, with his armor girt upon him, and, sword in hand, battling manfully for the right. Once again we are reminded that the battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift. But death is not an eternal sleep, a never-ending, always enduring Nirvana; it is rather the approaching of our night to be followed by a day more brilliant, the fading of the transient flower of our life, that it may rebloom in another world of joy resplendent and of happiness supernal.

Cicero, the wise, grand man of ancient Rome in her golden days of history, philosophy, and of poetry—one of the world's most sincere seekers after truth and after God, in contemplating this interesting subject of bodily dissolution thus discourses: "Some men make womanish complaints that it is a great misfortune to die before one's time. I would ask what time? Is it that of nature? But she indeed has lent us life as we do a sum of money, only no certain day is fixed for payment. What reason then to complain if she demands it at pleasure, since it was on this condition we received it."

It was thus our friend died. Not with blenched cheek, with unmanly fear in his heart, dreading to meet the King of Terrors face to face; but fearlessly, as the brave man dies who has performed well his part, saying in his heart, if not by voice, "It is the will of God; His will be done."

No doubt he loved life, as we all love it. This beautiful world, with its green fields and blooming flowers, was attractive to him, as it is to every well-ordered person who lives a true life. He could

look upon the past without blushing for time unprofitably spent, or charging himself with having been slothful or insincere; and the future was glowing with bright hopes and high expectations. Why, then, should he not have desired to linger longer in his earthly tabernacle? When death came—

> "It was to him but as another life.
> We bow our heads at getting out;
> We think, and enter strait
> Another golden chamber of the King's;
> Larger than this we leave, and lovlier,
> And then in shadowy glimpses disconnect.
> The story, flower-like, closes thus its leaves,
> And God is all in all."

Mr. Speaker, our late friend and associate has disappeared forever from our earthly view. We shall see him no more with mortal vision. If our lives are as earnest, sincere, truthful, and useful as his was, we will go to him. He comes no more to us; but while forever gone he will not be forgotten, for in the ocean of memory there is an island upon whose shores the waves beat with ceaseless roar.

Address of Mr. BUTTERWORTH, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER. We are charged to speak nothing but good of the dead. I doubt the merit of that maxim. It draws no line between those lives that were worthy and those that were barren wastes.

But if the maxim is wise and humane, the life and character of Dr. UPDEGRAFF were such that we would not invoke the shield which an observance of the maxim might afford.

He was one of those who well might challenge even his enemies to scan his record closely, released from the restraints of the charitable maxim mentioned, and speak nothing but the truth.

If our late colleague could have left an injunction which should bind those who speak of him here to-day, it would have been, "Speak of me as I was. Speak of me as you knew me. Say the truth or say nothing." A worthy life may challenge praise, while

that one which presents to the world a desert waste is entitled only to the charity of silence. Men's vices teach as well as their virtues, and if we must learn from each let the instruction be such as may give profit. For a single moment I will speak of Dr. UPDEGRAFF as I knew him, as I think he was.

I knew him well; his strong points and his weaknesses; his manner of study and his mode of thought. He first squared his purpose to the requirements of a clean, clear conscience. The work his judgment and his conscience approved he addressed himself to with a will inflexible and unyielding. He resolved all doubts in favor of the end he sought. He did nothing rashly, but all things with care. He never recognized the possibility of discomfiture or defeat. He considered carefully before he acted; but once embarked in an enterprise he seldom failed to accomplish what he undertook. Strong in will power, great in moral courage, he had no patience with cowardice, and held the vacillating in contempt.

He was of a race that possessed those great qualities of serious earnestness and dogged continuity of purpose which characterized the Dutch and made that people more than a match for the towering strength and boundless resources of Spain at the zenith of her glory and power. He was unpretending in his life and manner. He was the embodiment of thoughtfulness, of earnestness, and energy. His natural endowments were excellent; his mental furnishings suggestive of strength and usefulness, rather than grace and ornament.

He was, while serious and reflective, a wit, and when in the society of congenial friends a most delightful conversationalist. He was a careful student. He never wasted a minute reading or coining a sentence that was barren of mental nourishment. He was very fond of studying the English classics. He read over and over again the works of Bacon and Macaulay; was especially charmed with the style of the latter. UPDEGRAFF never read a line which contained or suggested some great thought that he did not commit it to memory. His mind was a storehouse well filled, nor would an examination of that store reveal the waste and rubbish that is found in the invoice and effects of common minds. He obtained

knowledge for use, and as the foundation of wisdom unto which he was growing.

In the storehouse of his mind he was methodical. Every fact he learned, every utterance he treasured up in his memory, every thought he cherished, was ever at his command and available to grace his conversation or strengthen his argument. He studied history less to ascertain the facts recited than to learn the philosophy they teach. The labor of his life was to attain for himself and mankind to the better things, to improve the conditions with which he was surrounded, to lift men up to a higher and more rational plane of enjoyment. His disposition to have the better things was apparent in all that he did, even in the corn he raised and the cattle he cared for.

He was frank and candid, sometimes painfully so, and his honest and forcible manner of stating plain truths tended to write him down as an unamiable man. True it is that he had little patience with that disposition of society which is so much concerned about the graces of social intercourse that it prefers polite insincerity to blunt candor, and rather tolerates polished hypocrisy than plain, plodding truth.

UPDEGRAFF was honest, stubbornly honest. It was a rugged honesty that did not wear away by use, as much of modern honesty does. His integrity was for all times, all places and occasions, such as could ride out the storm of temptation even with rasping poverty for its companion. How much our country needs that type of honesty! I say this because it must be apparent that in our day there are more who are worshiping with Aaron the golden calf at the foot of the mountain than are in spirit with Moses at the top worshiping the true God.

No man could mistake Dr. UPDEGRAFF'S honesty for that too prevalent and all-pervading spirit of accommodation which leaves no margin between that which is right and that which is purely expedient. Neither in his public nor his private life did he do or sanction that which tended to blur, much less obliterate, the line that marks the boundary between right and wrong. He was a fearless champion of the former. He never compromised with the latter.

The consequence to him of profit or loss, of preferment or defeat,

formed no important factor in shaping his conduct in the matter of recognizing and discharging his just moral obligations. He knew that "Duty is ours, results are God's."

When the path of duty led away from that of profit or pleasure he never hesitated. With him duty was supreme. He was a successful business man. He was successful as a physician, successful as an agriculturist, successful as a politician; for in all those callings he had the elements which insure success, the qualities I have mentioned. He always took aim; had no confidence in luck. He said success was for him who deserved it. His faculties and powers matured slowly but healthfully. He was stronger at fifty than at forty-five. He was not of the type of that school of men who ripen early and then rot.

In religion he was a "Friend," called in common parlance a Quaker. His connection with that society threw us much together. His membership in the society had ceased, but he was still in the faith. And the injunction of that religion to "walk in the light" was ever present with him. "Walk in the light" was the injunction of our fathers. Dr. UPDEGRAFF did not forget it, having faith that his way would be lighted by the spark of divinity within him.

His philosophy taught him that this life is but the beginning, not the end; that after death he would open his eyes in another sphere of existence. In that faith he lived; in that faith he died.

His thoughts were clean and his language fitly chosen. He appreciated the power of right words. He scorned flattery and despised flatterers. He was not slow to rebuke the fawning sycophancy that would pay him compliment to win his favor. He was sincere and constant in his friendship and too outspoken in his enmity. He was a stoic in many things. He suffered the most acute pain for many months before his death, but no ear heard a murmur escape his lips. He was of the material of which martyrs are made. Dr. UPDEGRAFF would have walked to his death with calmness and without a murmur to save a cause to which he was devoted as a matter of conscience.

He was not, in the generally accepted sense, a brilliant man. His qualities of head and heart were for a lifetime, not for an occasion.

The light of his intellect was constant and sure. It is said that

the world is made better by the constant efforts of a few and the fitful efforts of a few more. Dr. UPDEGRAFF was of the constant few—the constant few to whom the world is so greatly indebted for facts accomplished, for labors done. He did not know how to dodge an issue or shirk a responsibility. He never had occasion to suddenly remember that he had an engagement which called him away from this floor just as an important vote was about to be taken.

I do not criticise those who have such memories, since, of course, it is a mere matter of memory, and the fact that it awakens at such a moment is the merest coincidence. I only note that UPDEGRAFF'S memory was not of that kind. Do you think I have been too kind to the memory of my deceased friend? If so, you do not know him as I did—as one who furnished an anchor for the society in which he lived, one who never drifted from the moorings of right, whose soul was large and a fit receptacle for pure and noble emotions, and unlike some in which such sentiments are cramped and crippled by the dwarfed dimensions of the tenement.

He was so constituted that the thoughts that drift through vulgar minds found no open way to his. This Republic could better spare ten thousand meteors that flash constantly across our political horizon than one fixed star. This country in her political sky has a vast milky way of twinkling orbs of doubtful magnitude, the uncertain reflection of which tends rather to make obscure than to make clear the highway of public duty. In the presence of such conditions we may well regret the eclipse by death of a single luminary whose light, if not brilliant, was certain and constant. Dr. UPDEGRAFF will be missed more than some who have filled a larger place in the public eye. Those who study healthful precepts and profit by wise example will regret him whom we mourn. His influence for good will be felt when the memory of many of his contemporaries who deemed him plain and plodding is forgotten.

Address of Mr. PEELLE, of Indiana.

Mr. SPEAKER: Having been one of the committee appointed to attend the funeral of the late Dr. UPDEGRAFF may account somewhat for the propriety of my saying something on this occasion. My acquaintance with Dr. UPDEGRAFF began with this Congress, and in that brief acquaintance I found him to be a man of decided conviction, possessing that courage which is essential to enforce it. His speech in this House at the last session on the tariff will long stand as a model speech, as it affects especially the agricultural interests of this country.

He was a man of large experience, and, as I take it, a close observer and a student. He must have been both, as his storehouse of knowledge was full. His speeches, both in this House and elsewhere, entitled him to high rank as an original thinker and as an analyzer of thought, always keeping close to those eternal truths which make a man formidable in debate and as a speaker, while at the same time it poises a man for good citizenship.

He died without complaint and with that bravery which always characterizes the life of a man whose courage rests in the wisdom and in the goodness of God.

As the committee approached the little village of his residence we discovered the town filled with citizens, young and old, while every house was draped in mourning. Sir, are not these higher tributes to his memory and worth than can possibly be paid by any one on the floor of this House? The large Quaker church where the funeral was held would not hold the multitude which came to pay the last sad tribute of respect. To each he was esteemed a friend, and his large heart and kindly nature always responded to the wants of the needy and the oppressed. These are jewels in the crown of immortality, and well worthy the imitation of us all.

But, Mr. Speaker, the life and public services of our late friend have been so fully pictured by his colleagues and others that I can

add nothing. The poet Burns has given the proper epitaph on our comrade and our friend, and with his lines I will conclude:

An honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with his image blessed;
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The friend of age, the guide of youth.
Few hearts like his with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed.
If there's another world, he lives in bliss;
If there is none, he made the best of this.

Address of Mr. PARKER, of New York.

Mr. SPEAKER: It was my fortune to first answer to a roll-call as a member-elect of this Forty-seventh Congress in that hall at the fair city of Cleveland where the meeting was held to prepare to accompany to its last resting-place the sacred body of James A. Garfield. Many of the members now present first met on that day, and none who there met will ever forget the impressive associations of that solemn occasion. All hearts were melted in the consciousness of personal and national loss in the presence of the dead President and of a people's mourning. Those who had been opponents met as friends, and strangers met as brothers. Every man realized that his companion bent under the same disappointment and unavailing sorrow. The prizes and the honors of life seemed but trifles indeed in the presence of the universal affliction and of the calm sleeper there.

By fortunate chance my position in the funeral procession fell in companionship with the honorable JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, whose decease we now mourn. Of all the vast throng no man could have been a more sincere, a more unselfish mourner than this good, honest friend, who has now himself passed over the one broad pathway where the foot-prints of all of us must finally disappear.

The conversation was upon, and only upon, the deceased, and many an affectionate and touching tribute did he whom we now mourn pay to the great departed. He told us of their labors and their services together; of the close and sympathetic intercourse of years;

of the simple grandeur of his great-hearted leader; of the affection and absolute confidence with which the people who had witnessed his every-day life had trusted that leader; of the tenderness of his friendship; of the exalted nobility of his mind.

And the pure human goodness of the man glowed in his face and a tear dimmed his eye while describing how the great leader, then the idol of his party, of national fame, and conscious of his almost irresistible strength, in the considerate kindness of his heart turned back as he was leaving the hospitable home of his old Quaker friend to call for, and bid good-by to, and shake hands with the poor uncultured colored domestic.

He exhibited his sense of justice, for, physician as he was, and well aware of the criticisms visited upon his brothers of the medical profession who had borne the fearful responsibility of seeking to save the life of his friend through the long months of agony, he yet fearlessly commended their faithfulness and skill and resignedly said that they had done all that they could do and all that men had a right to expect.

From the acquaintance thus formed, and because of the qualities and characteristics he disclosed, and by reason of the frank, genial, and kindly nature of the man, I came to feel better acquainted with the deceased than with almost any other member of the House I had not previously known. More than once I had occasion to be grateful to him for a good word and a kind act. He was the very spirit of kindness and good-will. He was so plainly and naturally honorable that no one ever thought of it as possible for him to be otherwise.

He was a plain man, unassuming, but always clearly seeing and doing his duty. He was especially watchful of agricultural legislation and ready to lead or follow to secure the rights of the farming interest. He was faithful and attentive, always in his place in the House, doing his whole duty intelligently, but without ostentation or self-seeking. He was a man of quick judgment and strong sense, and upon adequate occasion an eloquent speaker. He instinctively touched the hearts of the common people, for he knew them, he was from and of them. His political addresses delivered in the State of New York will not soon be forgotten.

Knowing this man as one of pure and blameless life, honest and true, faithful and without guile, I claim the privilege to-day of joining those who were his neighbors and long-time associates in doing honor to his memory, and beg to place reverently upon his coffin my sprig of northern evergreen.

Address of Mr. TOWNSEND, of Ohio.

Mr. SPEAKER, as we stand by the casket in which lie the remains of a loved friend we cannot but contemplate the uncertainty of human life and the certainty of death. We are reminded of the destiny that awaits us all. Without any effort of our own there arises in the breast of every beholder one question: "What is death?" It is the unsearchable mystery which every man, from the dawning of the world to the present day, has tried in vain to penetrate. This feeling of the infinite and dark beyond caused the ancients to speculate upon the life of man on earth compared with the uncertain time beyond. "Life appears for a while, but what," ask they, "is the time which comes after, the time which was before."

Such shadows of human existence scarcely darkened the pathway of JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF. "Life is real, life is earnest," says Longfellow, and so it was interpreted by our dead friend. He strove to live well, not to live long.

Of the events of that busy life he lived I need not speak. They have been more fitly pictured by those who have preceded me. I can only speak of a few of the noble qualities of his character as they appeared to me during a long personal acquaintance. One of the most noticeable of his traits was his ambition. His ambition, however, was an unselfish one. He sought position and power that he might do good and use it for the benefit of his fellowman.

He was a man of robust mental and physical energy, capable of long-continued application to any task to which he set himself. So untiring was his energy that he seldom failed to attain the object for which he sought. No labor discouraged him, no contingency appalled him, no disadvantage disheartened him, no defeat

depressed him. Possessed of indomitable will, he had courage equal to his convictions, and was ready to express them upon all proper occasions. Scrupulously honest, he was conscientiously devoted to the discharge of his duties. Whatever he undertook to do he did well.

He was well educated and thoroughly read on all subjects He had enjoyed unusual advantages in preparation for his career as a physician, and was a successful practitioner. But not alone for pecuniary reward did he labor. His poorest neighbor could expect the most patient and careful treatment without money and without price. Agriculture was his favorite pursuit, and to its service he devoted many pleasant hours, looking upon it as a branch of science contributing most to the immediate wants of man.

His Congressional career, too, was one characterized by deep devotion to duty. He was always present in his seat, and few votes are to be found in the records while a member of this body where his name was not recorded upon the one side or the other of a question. In the Forty-sixth Congress, as a member of the Committee on Invalid Pensions, he devoted a great deal of time and labor to the investigation of claims referred to him, and many a poor and maimed soldier and many a veteran's widow and orphan children are indebted to him for the relief they now enjoy. While painstaking and upright in these investigations, his sympathy for the soldiers inclined him to the side of the applicant for the pension. His professional knowledge of diseases and medicine made him a most valuable member of the Select Committee on the Public Health.

His speech upon the tariff last session from the stand-point of the farmer was able, exhaustive, and original, and gained for him a wide reputation for ability. It did much to place before the farmers of the country that greatly misunderstood subject in its true relations to agriculture. He was an enthusiastic practical farmer and a loyal adherent to the principles of protection. His was one of the very best tariff speeches made, for the reason that it was wholly original in its conception.

In his treatment of his fellow-members he was kindly, courteous, and commanded their confidence and respect. What a sunny

nature was his! Though he suffered from a fatal malady, he bore it with heroic courage and without complaint. The same even temperament characterized his demeanor; frank, open-hearted, there was that in his countenance which harbored not deceit.

In the undemonstrative teachings of the Quaker belief he found the rule and guide of his religious life; yet there was the most liberal toleration of the views of others. He could truly say that "none of his fellow-citizens were compelled through any act of his to put on a mourning-robe."

In the domestic circle he found a source of great comfort. He was the father of five children, all of whom were tenderly raised and well educated, and he lived to see his family useful and honored citizens.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF reached the summit of his ambition, and after an active and eventful life and one of great usefulness, crowned with more success than usually falls to the lot of man, weary and exhausted, surrounded by his family and friends, almost in sight of the farm where he passed so many happy years of his life, his soul obeyed the summons; in full possession of his faculties, with words of cheer and comfort to sorrowing friends, he calmly passed away. Time will roll his ceaseless course, the moments will hurry by like the shadows of a passing cloud, generations will come and go, but the lessons taught in the life of JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF will endure for all time.

The SPEAKER. The question is upon the adoption of the resolutions which have been submitted.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted and the House adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
December 5, 1882.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, communicated to the Senate the intelligence of the death of Mr. WILLIAM M. LOWE, late a member of the House from the State of Alabama, and of Mr. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a member of the House from the State of Ohio, and transmitted the resolutions of the House thereon.

Mr. PENDLETON. Mr. President, I ask the Chair to lay before the Senate the resolutions just communicated from the House of Representatives.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives, which will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the House has heard with sincere regret the announcement of the death, during the late recess, of Hon. WILLIAM M. LOWE, a Representative from the State of Alabama, and of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the Clerk communicate the foregoing resolution to the Senate.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the House do now adjourn.

Mr. PENDLETON. Mr. President, as a mark of respect to the memory of these deceased Representatives, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

The motion was agreed to; and (at 1 o'clock and 58 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
February 6, 1883.

A message from the House of Representatives, by Mr. McPherson, its Clerk, transmitted to the Senate the resolutions adopted

by that body concerning the death of JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a member of the House from the State of Ohio, and ROBERT M. A. HAWK, late a member of the House from the State of Illinois.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The Chair lays before the Senate resolutions from the House of Representatives.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the House of Representatives has received with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the business of the House be now suspended that suitable honors may be paid to the memory of the deceased.

Resolved, That the Clerk of this House do communicate these resolutions to the Senate of the United States.

Mr. SHERMAN. Mr. President, I submit resolutions and ask that they be read.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The resolutions will be read.

The Acting Secretary read as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow the announcement of the death of Hon. JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late a Representative from the State of Ohio.

Resolved, That the business of the Senate be suspended in order that the friends of the deceased have opportunity to pay fitting tributes to his public and private virtues.

Resolved, That the Secretary transmit a copy of these proceedings to the family of the deceased.

Address of Mr. SHERMAN, of Ohio.

Mr. PRESIDENT: The message of the House of Representatives conveying to us the formal notice of the death of JONATHAN T. UPDEGRAFF, late member of that House from the State of Ohio, imposes upon me the duty of adding a brief tribute to the memory of a colleague who had been thrice elected to represent in Congress the people of the district in which he was born, and among whom he had spent his entire life.

It is not merely to perform this formal duty to a colleague that I

now address you, but also to express my profound sorrow for the loss of a personal friend whom I have known for many years in private life, and to whom I was deeply indebted for the highest marks of kindness, courtesy, and support.

He died at his home at Mount Pleasant, in the county of Jefferson, in the State of Ohio, surrounded by his family and neighbors, two days before we assembled at the present session of Congress, in the full maturity of his mental powers, and when he was cheered by success in an eagerly contested political canvass.

He had hoped to meet here with us. Though the disease of which he died was that enemy of human life so fatal in our day to vigorous manhood, yet during his last illness he was hopeful and confident that his strong constitution would enable him to live to carry out cherished measures of public policy to which he was committed. But the fatal journey was not to be avoided, and all we can do is to mark the departure of a colleague and a friend with a few kindly words that will soon be said for each of us as we yield in our turn.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF'S life was tranquil, useful, and honorable. He was born of a highly respected Quaker family of Virginia, a member of which, in the early history of Ohio, settled a few miles from the banks of the Ohio River, then the outer verge of the white settlements. His grandfather was a member of the convention which framed the first constitution of Ohio. His kindred were members of the Society of Friends, and he was reared, lived, and died a member of that society. His early life was spent on the farm where he was born. But he had the advantage of a good education in the common schools and at Franklin College in that State. He studied medicine and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, and afterward at medical schools at Edinburg and Paris.

He made a protracted journey through Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land. Afterward he practiced his profession for several years, but devoted his leisure time and his energy and capital to agricultural pursuits, which gratified more than any other his natural tastes and inclinations. He manifested his love for the country rather than the city, for the cultivation of the farm rather

than the practice of his profession, in his daily life, in his studies, and in his conversation. Few men were better informed on the subject and history of rural life than he. He always insisted that the arts of husbandry had been more carefully studied and practiced among the ancient nations than in later times. He yielded only to our own age superiority in labor-saving mechanical devices, which he contended had changed for the worse the moral tendency of country life. He supported his theory by many interesting descriptions of Judean and Egyptian farming. With him Job was the great farmer, not only as the owner of vast herds and flocks, but as the farmer who employed five hundred yoke of oxen in plowing, and "a very great husbandry." The Egyptians exceeded all nations of modern times in the extent and perfection of the tillage of the soil, by which they were able to support a vast population and to send food supplies to surrounding nations; thus by gainful industry obtaining the means of building the monuments which to our day excite the wonder of mankind.

He was fond of quoting the poets and statesmen of Rome in honor of the dignity of the first and noblest employment of man. He looked upon the devices which in our day enable owners of land by mechanical implements to dispense with the labor of thousands of husbandmen as of doubtful benefit, tending to concentrate capital in the hands of the few and deepening the poverty of the poor by lessening their employment.

Though Dr. UPDEGRAFF loved best the vocation of a farmer, he practiced his profession in his neighborhood, and during a part of the late war served as a surgeon in the Union Army, and bore a high reputation as a skillful and successful physician. He has always, since I have known him, taken an active part in political affairs as a Republican, and has frequently engaged in political discussions. From his boyhood, in harmony with the Quaker ideas of his ancestors, he was an earnest opponent of slavery, a member of the Freesoil party, and cordially sympathized with the most advanced views in opposition to slavery. He has always been identified with the temperance cause. In life and speech he did his utmost to check the evils of intemperance and to restrain the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and was a member of various temperance

organizations. As a speaker he was universally kind and courteous, and illustrated his argument with quaint humor. Neither pretending to be an orator, or using the arts of an orator, he was an interesting speaker, and as such was much sought for in the public canvasses in several States. He served as a Presidential elector, and voted for General Grant, in 1872. He was an influential member of the senate of Ohio in the two following years. He took an active part in the campaign of 1875, when President Hayes was elected governor of Ohio, and was a delegate to the national convention in 1876 which nominated President Hayes.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF was first elected to Congress in October, 1878. He was re-elected in 1880 and 1882. When he entered Congress he was in apparently robust health, large, strong, full chested, and vigorous both in mind and action. The party to which he belonged was then in a minority in the House of Representatives. With the wise caution and modesty of a new member he took but little part in the debates of that session. He, however, made one speech on the bill providing for the appointment of a commission on the subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic, which illustrates the strong moral convictions which governed him in all matters of legislation.

If a measure was right, or tended to promote morality, good order, or temperance, he was sure to be for it, whatever obstacles stood in the way. He always acted upon the saying of Mr. Gladstone, that "it is the duty of government to make it as hard as possible for a man to go wrong, and as easy as possible for him to go right." His plea for temperance was not affected in the least by doubts as to the power of Congress over the subject or the resulting dangers of extreme measures. It was enough to enlist his earnest support for him to believe that the measure, so far as it could be executed, tended to banish from the state that which is fitted only to corrupt the morals of the people. The same moral tone is observed in everything that was said by Dr. UPDEGRAFF while a member of Congress, and it was shown without cant, pretension, or reproof to those who differed from him. In his conduct also he observed the same moral standard that he sought to enforce by legislation.

He took an active part in securing liberal pensions for the soldiers in the Union Army, and stated strongly their claims upon the Government; for without their success "we should to-day have no Congress of the United States, no national Treasury, no nation." The speech of Dr. UPDEGRAFF that more than any other states his convictions is that made by him in February, 1881, on the bill for the creation of the Department of Agriculture. It is a strong and earnest plea for a national recognition of that great industry. He was not contented with quoting the favorable opinions of Washington and others, but demonstrated that such a department ought to be and could be made a cheap instrument of immense national benefits. He said:

> The social and intellectual condition of the rural population of any country is no uncertain measure of its high civilization and progress. The thoughtful statesmen of Europe now admit that our system of land-holding is one of the great sources of enterprise and thrift, as well as of popular content, and gives to industry the chance of permanent reward, and to labor the dignity of freedom. Popular education brings general intelligence. Industry, energy, and physical health combine to produce the elements of character which make good citizens and successful men. Loving their homes, the love of country is easier and stronger. Schlegel, in his Philosophy of History, says: "Perhaps it is not too much to assert that many of the qualities which fitted the Romans for conquering the world and perfecting their so celebrated jurisprudence were acquired, or at least nourished and matured, by the skill, foresight, and persevering industry so needful for the intelligent and successful cultivation of the soil." And in this country, since the dawn of the Revolution, when at Concord Bridge—
>
> "The embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world,"
>
> this hardy and patriotic class has been, in every conflict, a chief source of the nation's triumph, as it is to-day a large element of the nation's strength.

During the last session of Congress Dr. UPDEGRAFF made a speech of remarkable ability upon the policy of protective duties as they affected the farmer. It attracted attention at the time, and may be read with benefit now as presenting the strongest statement of the benefit of this policy to the farmers of every part of the country. This was the last speech made by him in Congress, and it is safe to say no other made during that able debate is more marked with intelligence and ability. The two speeches referred to, with short remarks made on pensions, education, and kindred

topics, indicate the bent of Dr. UPDEGRAFF's mind. He had charity for all. All he did and all he said was to relieve, improve, or advance some portion of mankind. No unkindness marked his speech; no bitterness could be distilled in his brain, but only good-will and charity—Quaker virtues which he inherited and honestly maintained.

Dr. UPDEGRAFF was nominated last summer for his third term. During the canvass it became apparent to his friends that his physical strength was passing away. His usual buoyancy and energy were gone; the palid hue of decay was on his countenance. Still he was hopeful, and when his friends believed and announced that his death was sure and imminent he believed that he would recover. On the day after his election his death was prematurely announced, but he rallied and improved. Thus for six weeks he lingered on the verge of the great change of life to death, suffering greatly but complaining not, carefully arranging his worldly affairs, with wife and children around him, a whole community sorrowing. Then, fully conscious of his condition, earthly hope failed and life ended. While we were journeying hither he journeyed where no guide can aid him except that revealed to us in the Christian's hope.

We can say of him that he filled honorably all the obligations that he undertook in life, to father, mother, wife, and children, to those who confided in him as a physician, and to friends, whom he never betrayed. To constituents who trusted to him political power he returned duty honestly performed. I believe also he discharged that higher duty to the Supreme Ruler of the universe which rests upon all of mortal mold. He did what he could by example to benefit those who survive him. We are atoms in a moving panorama, changing, oh, how rapidly. If it can be truthfully said of any man he has done in his life more good than evil, then is the world better for his having lived. Dr. UPDEGRAFF may not have made so conspicuous a mark upon our time as some others, yet all that he did do was useful, honorable, and good.

Address of Mr. PENDLETON, of Ohio.

Mr. PRESIDENT: My colleague [Mr. Sherman] has fittingly described the useful and honorable career of Mr. UPDEGRAFF in his profession, in the Army, on the farm, in the political contests of his native State. He had the advantage of close personal association and warm and long-sustained friendship. I knew Mr. UPDEGRAFF only by reputation until I met him here at the extra session of Congress in 1879. He was then for the first time a member of the House of Representatives.

Afterward my intercourse with him was not intimate or daily; but it was enough to enable me to perceive and to appreciate those qualities of mind and character which made his life useful and worthy in all the various relations to which my colleague has alluded. He was affable in temper, genial in manners, firm in his convictions, frank in their expression, temperate in their assertion, tolerant of all differences. He was fast in his friendships, just in his antagonisms, an agreeable companion, an educated, cultivated gentleman.

A touching letter, written from his bed of death to his late opponent in his last heated political contest, in response to solicitous inquiry as to his health did equal honor to both.

When I last saw him he seemed in perfect health; but even then the fatal disease was secretly consuming his vital powers. In the hour of his greatest political triumph he obeyed the command of a victor stronger than he, and trod the mysterious pathways which, through the portals of the tomb, lead to the "undiscovered country."

Mr. President, men who achieve commanding influence and stamp the character of the age in which they live are the product of the centuries. It may well be doubted whether the order of advancing society, the progression of our race, the attainment of the better and the purer to which the insatiable longings of the human soul forever aspire, are not more promoted by the active, earnest,

faithful, modest lives of those who in less conspicuous station always to their own selves are true.

> Compute the chances,
> And deem there's ne'er a one in dangerous times,
> Who wins the race of glory, but than him
> A thousand men more gloriously endowed
> Have fallen upon the course; a thousand others
> Have had their fortunes foundered by a chance
> Whilst lighter barks pushed past them; to whom add
> A smaller tally of the singular few
> Who gifted with predominating powers,
> Bear yet a temperate will and keep the peace,
> The world knows nothing of its greatest men.

The PRESIDENT *pro tempore*. The question is on the adoption of the resolution presented by the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Sherman].

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously, and the Senate adjourned.

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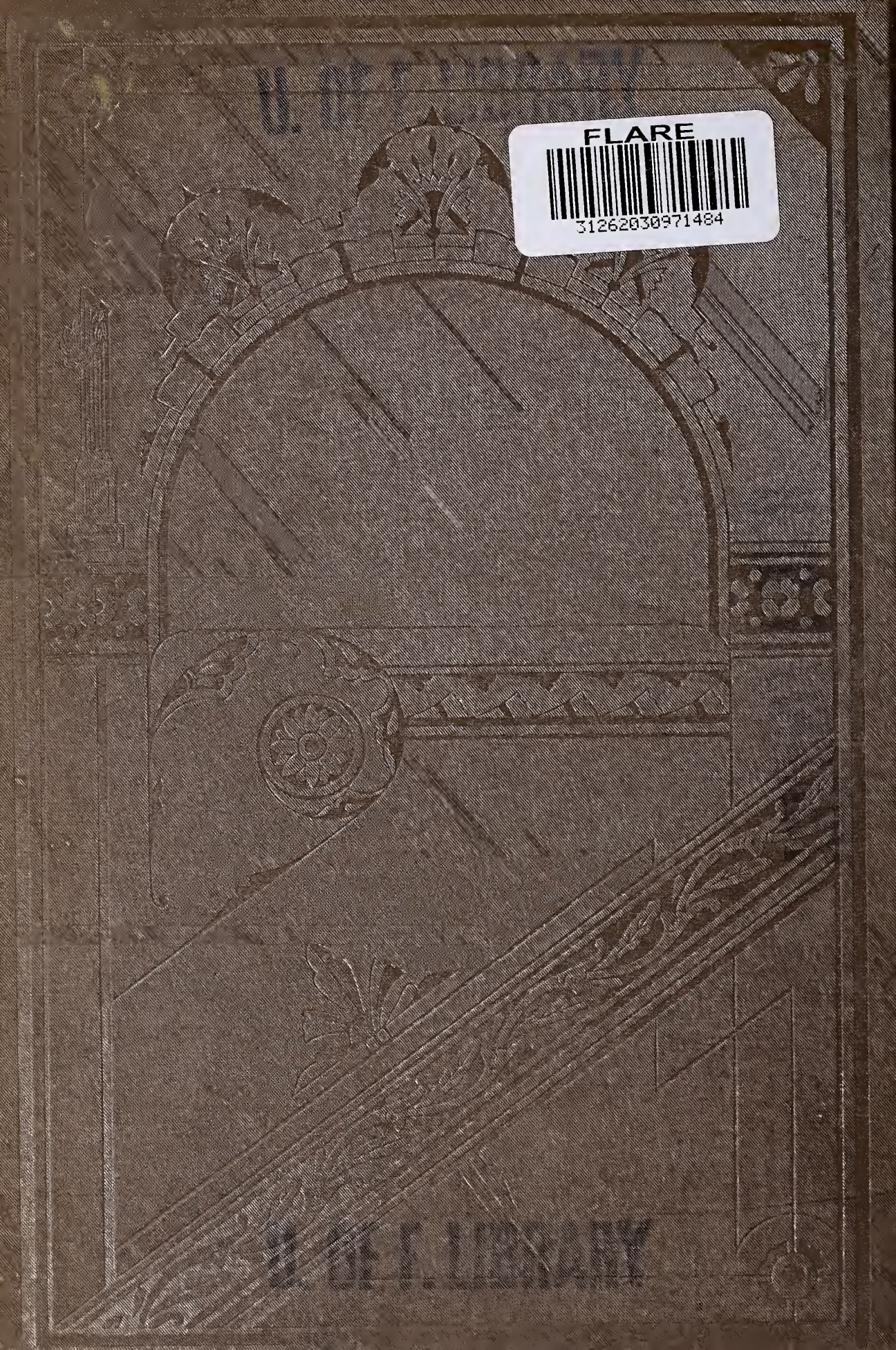
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